THE MOST E

cellent and lamentab

Tragedie, of *Romeo* and *Iuliet.*

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregorie, *with Swords and Buck*
houſe of Capulet.

Samp. *Gregorie*, on my word weele not carrie Cole
Greg. No, for then we ſhould be Collyers.
Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.
Greg. I while you liue, draw your necke out of cho
Samp. I ſtrike quickly being moued.
Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to ſtrike.
Samp. A dog of the houſe of *Mountague* moues
Grego. To moue is to ſtirre, and to be valiant, is to
Therefore if thou art moued thou runſt away.
Samp. A dog of that houſe ſhall moue me to ſtand
I will take the wall of any man or maide of
gues.
Grego. That ſhewes thee a weake ſlaue, for the we
to the wall.
Samp. Tis true, & therfore women being the weal
are euer thruſt to the wall: therfore I wil puſh *Mount*
from the wall, and thruſt his maides to the wall.
Greg. The quarell is betweene our maiſters, a
men.
Samp. Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelfe a tyrant, wh
fought with the men, I will be ciuil with the maides
off their heads.